

Rarity

by BendingBounds

Category: Pok  mon

Genre: Adventure, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Eevee/Eievui

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 22:11:04

Updated: 2016-04-13 02:38:35

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:19:41

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 5,332

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Kids have been going missing all around the world... Why?

For an experiment that many may never know. Except Rarity, one of the first Pok  mon released to the public.

1. 0 Rarity

0. The Rarity

What do you do when you wake up in a strange place? What is your first reaction? Mine was not fun when it happened. At first, I was confused. _What's with the concrete ceiling? _I wondered to myself, my thoughts still groggy from a heavy sleep. I blinked slowly as I came to. My brain felt slow, like processing information needed to go through more filters than usual. I decided to look around at my surroundings, turning my head with a slow blink.

My heart began to speed up. I couldn't tell exactly what I was laying on, but besides the stiff bed was a small, metal table with doctor instruments sitting upon it. I felt relieved when I noticed they were plain and clean. That scalpula had not touched me, but that thought was less reassuring. It had not touched me. Not yet, anyway.

I could feel my heart beating fast, and that cold and yet warm wash of adrenaline spread from my flushed face to my trembling fingers and down my stiff legs. I pulled myself to sit quickly.

"Augh!"

Too quickly. I didn't realize that I was restrained. My neck, my chest, my wrists, hips, and ankles were tied down by leather straps.

Is this a nightmare?

I wanted it to be a nightmare. I shut my eyes as tight as possible

and started counting down from ten.

"Ten." My voice was hoarse, and I became aware of how dry my throat was.

"Nine." I whispered, putting less stress on my pained throat.

"Eight." Quieter and quieter it seemed to grow, even in the silent room. The quiet made me want to scream, just to lift the weight of the silence off of my chest.

"Seven." _What was that?_ I began to tremble. I was imagining sounds, muffled and hard to describe. Was it a footstep?

"Six." Now my voice cracked a bit, as the pitch began to heighten at the sounds that I thought I was hearing.

"Five." There were definitely footsteps.

"F-four." I was trembling. I never made it this far in my count without waking up or something changing, and I still laid there.

"Three..." The word left like a quiet wind from my lips. Were those voices I heard?

"Two." I felt like I was counting down for something besides waking up at this point. A door creaked above my head, somewhere that I could not see because of the strap around my neck.

One. _I thought to myself as I heard the bodies entering the room. tapping of shoes on a hard floor. Brushing of fabric as they passed one another. Then I took in the words they spoke.

"-And this one was taken from a reliable source. The trader has been very good at ensuring no tracks remaining for law enforcement to follow." I high pitch, but still noticeably male voice said.

"She seems to be conscious." A deep voice said.

"'It', Mister Malcolm, please." The high pitched voice said. "I do not yet know the sex this one will take upon the end of my operation." A face appeared above me. He had a long nose, and horn rimmed glasses like one of my teachers at school. His black hair was pulled back in a pony tail, and his steel grey eyes glared down at me. He had some kind of name tag on the chest of his white coat, but I couldn't read it upside-down. "Huh, seems so. That's rare, especially with her size... I think I know what this one will be..." He mumbled to himself as he left my view.

"Anyway, come along, I _must_ show you all my first success..."

2. 1 A New You

1. The New You

I had been in pain, but there was a moment of respite. Why had I been in pain? I couldn't remember anything. It took true effort to

remember my parents, their names I had forgotten, but their faces still lasted in my mind's eye.

My lungs felt heavy, the air seemed thick. I had to gasp to stay alive. I didn't want to stop breathing, because every time I rest for a moment, I panic from the feeling that my lungs don't seem to work on their own anymore. I was getting desperately tired, but I feared that I would stop breathing if I were to fall asleep.

Then I felt a mask placed upon my face. It filled my lungs with air, then released it all for me. I relaxed, immediately falling unconscious. It didn't seem like it was but seconds later that I heard the whirring of the machine. I tensed throughout my body as the pain returned to me once again.

The pain was gone again, but this time something was different. I was curled up in a ball. It was warm, and I was comfortable. It felt like I was in a cocoon of blankets and pillows. I could breathe fine again. I only needed to adjust my legs just a little bit to get completely comfortable.

I fell asleep and awoke several more times after that, every time I usually needed to adjust, but I was never hungry, thirsty, or really needed to worry about any bodily necessities. The walls of my comfortable cocoon seemed to grow tighter and tighter every time I awoke, though, and it began to get harder and harder to go back to sleep as I grew less and less comfortable.

It was yet another time that I awoke when I grumbled to myself. Now I really was uncomfortable. The walls were no longer pillows, but seemed hard like rocks. I pushed against the opposite wall. I could make out light from the outside. There was the shadow of some kind of paw, but nothing more that I could see.

I really wanted to stretch, and I was growing hungry. This cocoon was far too small for me, now. I pushed against my surroundings, twisting myself to try to find a weakness in the wall. I tried calling for help, but no one seemed to hear.

Finally, I got as steady as possible on my feet, then jumped up to heat the ceiling of my prison.

Crack!

I heard the crack from the ceiling, but then another problem appeared. My cocoon must have not been on steady ground, and I felt myself roll, then fall.

I landed with another crackling as the wall began to crumble. My breath had been knocked out of me, though, and I needed to take a moment. I felt strangely weak with how quickly I tired. My prison rocked back and forth lightly and I found myself being lulled to sleep again.

As the cocoon stopped rocking, I began pushing at the shell around me. The cracks were large enough to see light through, and a couple holes had become apparent. It was easier to break after the fall. I managed to kick holes in the bottom, but then my feet got stuck. It was definitely cooler outside of my cocoon.

I pushed off with my legs once again and managed to flip over onto my back, finally breaking the rest of the shell that was left.

shaking and pushing the remaining pieces off of me, I looked around.

Everything was huge! I felt like I was as small as a mouse as I looked around at the little room. There was an empty pedestal, a small bookcase, a cat bed, and a chair. Beside the bookshelf, there was a small window, letting in warm sunlight that illuminated the shell of my... egg? It looked like a giant, brown and cream egg, glimmering in the light from outside.

I felt a twitch on top of my head as I heard a sound, which suddenly became clearer. Footsteps and voices. "What was that crash?" A woman's voice asked. "Could it have been-" Someone shushed her and their footsteps grew quieter. I could still hear them fine, as they approached a wooden door to the room I was in.

My heart raced. Where was I? I quickly crawled under the chair, hiding from the loud giants.

The door opened. I saw red slipper adorned feet enter the room, followed by a pair of black sneakers. "Andrew, look! It hatched!" The lady said. "Where did it go?"

A knee set itself beside one of the sneakers, followed by a hand, then a young man's face appeared. He had brown eyes and black hair, and bright white teeth that showed themselves when he spotted me. "Found it." He said.

The slippers were greeted by a pair of knees and hands as the lady went to her hands and knees to look. "Aww, it's so adorable!" She squealed, blue eyes sparkling.

The man's hand reached for me, but I flinched back. _'No!_', I cried, but the sound that seemed to really escape me was; "Vee!" I tried to escape him, but his hand was big enough to wrap around my waist and pull me out of my hiding place.

He lifted me above his head as he stood up and looked me over. "Female." He said as he brought me to his chest and scratched my head. It felt good, but I didn't want to be held. I struggled, but he was far stronger than my attempts. He looked to the blue-eyed woman. "It wasn't just a collector's item, Marie, it wasn't a joke..." He looked back down at me. "I can't believe it... A real Eevee..."

I stopped struggling. _W-What!? I can't be..._ I looked down at myself. I could make out the puffy, cream-colored neck fur, and my little, brown paws. I was overly fluffy, especially that cream-tipped tail.

This wasn't possible.

"What should we call her?" The man asked.

"I know..." She looked at him with a smile, then down to me. She bent her knees and kissed my forehead. "Rarity."

3. 2 The World Is Changing

2. The World Is Changing

Where am I? I wondered to myself as Marie carried me around the house, showing me the two story home where the childless couple lived. There were three bedrooms, one used as a study and the other an art room, with the biggest master bedroom I had ever seen. The couple must have been rich, because everything was well decorated and beautifully colored. Maybe it was just how small I was, now, but even so it seemed huge for a young couple to be staying in alone.

They had three pets; Two cats and a dog. The dog seemed skittish about my presence, one of the cats hissed at me, and the other, a black and white kitten by the name of Oreo, wanted nothing more than to play with me. Marie, however, was not content to set me down until she had shown me the entire house and backyard.

After the tour, she finally let me down on a bright orange couch on the living room. It was a playfully decorated living area, with curvy bookshelves and a huge TV, with every gaming console you could think of at least somewhere in the room. The cushion was rather stiff, I couldn't imagine getting comfortable sitting on it like the couple did, as they closed me in on either side.

I was so shocked by the strange events that I was too distracted to take in a lot of the details. This room did pop out, with its blue walls, green carpet, and orange furniture, but it was just too much to take in all at once. I just wanted to go back to sleep in that comfortable egg right then.

Until my stomach grumbled.

The couple didn't hear it as they talked excitedly above me about what had just transpired. A real pokÃ©mon, they pondered, how exciting.

I tried to tell them that I was hungry, but my mewling seemed to only warrant pets and scratches. After a while of this annoying game of trying to communicate, I growled and went to jump down from the couch...

Oh, but the height! I felt my ears pin back in displeasure as I looked over the edge to the sea of green carpet. _I'm so small, now..._ I felt a flutter in my stomach. It was too high, how could I possibly get down from here by myself?

As though they finally understood a thought in my mind, Marie picked me up off the couch and placed me gently on the ground. "Alright, go on and explore on your own, Rarity." She cooed. I flicked my tail and started walking toward where she had shown the kitchen to be. I wanted something to eat.

As soon as I crossed the threshold of the kitchen, though, I was greeted by a fierce hiss. Looking up, I spotted the older, black cat glaring at me from atop the counter. I blinked at him and continued my journey. There had to be a cupboard somewhere. I could smell something delicious.

I lifted up my head a little bit and sniffed the air. I could

actually make out the smell of herbs and chicken, cheesy potatoes... My belly rumbled as I searched for the source of the wonderful smell. Then I came upon the trash can. I didn't smell any trash, just the food. The can towered above me, though. How would I get the food out of there?

I put my front paws up against it, but it didn't budge. I pushed on it and still didn't seem to do anything. I growled and stepped back, all four paws on the ground again. _What now?_ I thought to myself. I didn't need to think very long, though. Of course, I'm a Pokémon! But how could I use my moves?

I stepped back from the trash can and flicked my tail. I got ready, lowering my chest toward the ground and raising my rear end. I'll Tackle it! Then I leapt forwards, crashing into the can and throwing the bottom out from under it, knocking it onto its side and sending the pet-proof lid flying.

Yes! I scrambled over to the opening and sniffed. I could see the leftovers from a recent meal sitting there, the only thing in the garbage bag. I jumped into the can and nibbled on a portion of chicken. It was still warm, they must have just eaten dinner. It tasted fantastic, and there were some buttered noodles and half of a twice baked potato... it was far too much for me to eat all at once.

I just took a bite out of the potato when I heard the clicking of that dog running into the kitchen. My ears pinned back as I heard him sniffing at the opening, but I was far too busy with my meal to bother with him.

Then I heard him growl.

I turned around in time for him to bark in my face. I crawled back deeper into the trash can until my tail pressed against the bottom. He kept barking at me, a sound that was soon greeted by footsteps.

"Stark, what-Oh!" I heard Andrew's voice between the hound's barking and growling. "Get over here, Stark, _now!_" He shouted at the dog, whom retreated immediately.

I noticed my heart racing, ears pinned, and my tail between my legs. Now I didn't want to eat, or leave the safety of the bin.

A moment later, Marie's face appeared. "Oh, goodness, Rarity..." She reached for me and pulled me out by my scruff. "You're all covered in food, now. That was very bad, you need to stay out of the trash. Let's go take a bath."

She plugged the kitchen sink and filled it with water, then placed me into the water that was a tad too cold for my liking. I sat still as she lathered a sickly-sweet dog shampoo into my fur and rinsed me with warm water.

A towel dry later, she sat with me captive on her lap as the couple turned on the news. Apparently, this wasn't the only place where a Pokémon egg had hatched. Millions of people began reporting that their Arthur Malcolm Brand Pokémon eggs had hatched. Soon, there was an interview with the man himself.

Arthur Malcolm was an olive skinned man with hazel eyes and a square face. He grinned at the camera as he spoke. "I sold exactly what I said that I sold; Pokémon eggs. I've been funding the research for many years, now, to create these lovable, iconic creatures everyone knows." His voice was deep, familiar. My fur bristled and my ears fell back. I growled. There was something wrong with this man. Something I didn't like.

Marie ran her hand over me, but otherwise ignored me as Malcolm continued speaking, her eyes wide in wonder. "My plan was to surprise many families, but now that the secret is out, I can tell you that we will soon be selling pre-trained pokémon, specialty pokémon foods, and we are almost completed with a fully functioning Pokéball. If you go online, you will see where our stores are soon to open up, how to order supplies while they are not yet complete, and how our pokémon tournaments will soon begin to take place."

"Wow!" Andrew shook his head. "I can't believe it, I wonder if he's working on a league..."

It seemed like Malcolm had nothing more to say after that. The news went back and forth to many different people showing off their pokémon. I watched the many pokémon as they showed pictures and owner interviews. They looked almost exactly like imagined by the art in the anime, mangas, and 'trainer' books. It was actually impressive.

"Look how common most of their pokémon are, Marie." Andrew leaned forwards. "So many common birds and field-found pokémon. There's another Taillow!" He shook his head and looked at me. "I think we truly lucked out. The rarest pokémon I've seen in these interviews was a Riolu, and only one out of so many other repeats."

Marie scratched my back absent mindedly as she looked on her phone. "No one has reported having an eevee online, yet." She said quietly. "Two Riolu, including that one, a lot of common pokémon, there is one Larvitar..." She chuckled as she continued to search.

I looked up at her when she stopped scratching my back and pointed her phone camera at me. I tilted my head and lowered one ear, giving her some puppy dog eyes to upload. "Aww!" She cried in delight, looking at the picture before scratching under my chin. "Perfect!"

"Hey, there's a tournament coming near us next month!" Andrew said. "No Arthur Malcolm Pre-trained pokémon allowed'. You hear that? If we train Rarity, we could totally enter!" He looked down at me and I wiggled my ears curiously. Could I really compete in a competition?

"She's so small, though, and how could we possibly train her?" Marie asked.

"Adam got an egg at the same time as us, remember?" He replied. "I'll call Kim and him and see if they're interested."

****3. Get Ready****

"Meow!" The Glameow grumbled to Kim, A blond, youthful woman with a glowing smile. Thought she didn't understand the feline, I growled at the insult. _"Why am I so close to this tuft of useless fur?!"_

"I am not useless!" I snapped at her, lashing my tail.

She barely glanced at me as she raised her nose. I snorted and sat down next to Andrew's foot. He chuckled. "So, how do you guys want to start? We should probably start on dummies before battling each other. I have those wildlife targets we could use in the basement." He offered.

"That sounds like a great idea!" Kim replied excitedly. "It can get us and them used to the concept. I like it."

"Well, I'm definitely used to the concept already." Andrew bragged. Marie rolled her eyes.

The fake raccoon sat still ten feet in front of me, reaching for something that wasn't there. I looked at it curiously, sniffing the musty smell of the basement. It was an underground bow and arrow range, filled with many broken arrows and torn bow strings. "I haven't been down here for a while." Andrew sighed in contentment.

"So, which one of you will be training your Eevee?" Adam, a stout, bearded man asked, pulling on the strands of black hair coming from his chin.

"Why only one of us?" Marie asked, seeming to be offended as she crossed her arms.

Kim was quick to reply. "Well, How is a Pok  mon supposed to tune into its trainer if two totally different trainers with two different fighting strategies train it?" She asked.

"Wouldn't matter. You don't have much chance, anyway." The Glameow licked her paw and swayed her tail, not even glancing at me as she spoke.

"Grrr, I'll show you who has a chance!" I snorted and turned my back on the cat Pok  mon. How dare she! I grumbled silently.

"I'll do it." Andrew said. He looked at Marie. "I know what I'm doing, sort of, and when this tournament is done, we can switch and get Rarity used to both of us." He told her.

"Fine. Maybe I'll do contests instead of battles when they start." She replied.

"Yeah!" Andrew replied. He then looked down at me. "Okay, Rarity, you ready?" I looked up at him and blinked. I guess I would have to try, especially with that Glameow watching.

I faced the raccoon and looked back at Andrew. What would he have me do? "Let's start with the basics..." He said. "Try a Tackle attack!"

So, we trained. Tackle was easy to get down. Growl, Tail whip, sand-attack, even helping hand, though I wasn't happy to assist the Glameow nearby. The first one that confused me was Swift. Andrew showed me pictures, videos, whatever he could, but I just didn't get it.

Quick Attack, Bite, Take down... Easy. Well, sort of. Quick attack took some time to learn to build up and control the speed, and take down took time to build up enough power to use, but I still couldn't use swift. I was so exhausted after every day's training, sore from all the exercise, but it felt good to be growing stronger.

Two weeks of training passed. I had broken quite a few of Andrew's dummies, but I was satisfied. I liked how strong I slowly began to realize that I am. Glameow was bigger than me, but I felt confident when it was finally time for our battle. I even got extra training time in the basement when that cat pokémon and her trainer had to go home for the day.

The day before our battle was a resting period. My sore muscles finally got a break. I slept, ate, and drank for most of the day, occasionally playing with Oreo and relaxing on the couch with Marie. Without the exercise, I found myself too excited and too energized to fall asleep for the night easily. One of the times I woke up, I heard someone in the Kitchen.

Curious, I got up from my place on the couch, now comfortably able to jump from its orange cushions, and followed the noise.

Andrew was pouring himself a bowl of cereal when I walked in.

"What are you doing up?" I tried to ask, but he just noticed that I made sounds as I walked in.

"Hey, Rarity." He cooed, grabbing a small bowl from the cupboard. He filled it with milk and placed it on the floor. I heard the dog move from the corner, but with a quick snap from Andrew, he went and curled back up under the sink.

I approached the bowl and lapped at the milk happily. He scratched my head before sitting and digging into his midnight snack. A few moments of silence followed. Then;

"We've gotta win, tomorrow." Andrew mumbled. I looked up at him, perking my ears at his words. He sighed and looked down at me. "Adam and I only have enough money on the side for one of us to enter, so whoever wins tomorrow will go to the tournament." I blinked and looked down at the nearly empty bowl of milk.

"I have to beat that Glameow. I have to." I told myself. No other option. I didn't like that Glameow, and Andrew wanted to be in that tournament, so we would both feel good to win.

"I must win."

"You ready?" Andrew asked, adjusting a pink bandanna that Marie had put around my neck for good luck.

"Of course!" I replied, but I didn't feel so confident. I didn't want to lose, I didn't want to let Andrew and Marie down, and I

didn't want that Glameow to be right about anything.

Andrew patted my head and looked up at Kim, who was across the backyard. She nodded and he nodded back. A man stood in the middle and to the side. His name was Martin, and he was another friend of Andrew's, though he didn't have a pok mon. He was refereeing the battle. Behind Martin, a small group of people had shown up. A ten person crowd of people who had heard about a pok mon battle coming up and just had to watch. Some were friends and acquaintances, others were just in the neighborhood and happened to hear about it. Almost everyone had their phone out to take pictures and videos.

"Alright," Martin said. "First Pok mon to stay down for ten seconds loses." He paused. "Andrew and Rarity, are you ready?" He asked. Andrew nodded and I lowered my head, eyes on my opponent. "Kim and Glory, are you ready?" For two weeks, I had never caught that Glameow's name. Now was the perfect time to know it.

"Yeah!"

"Mrrrow!"

Martin paused again, looking back at the crowd. "Are you ready?" He asked dramatically.

"Yeah!" Several people cried excitedly, encouraging Martin's antics.

"Ready..." I tensed up and pinned my ears back. "Begin!"

Kim didn't hesitate. "Feint Attack!" Glory leapt at me.

"Brace yourself!" Andrew shouted. Why not move?

The answer came quickly. Glory leapt at me, then changed her footing and seemed to disappear to my side, slamming me into a roll.

"Now, use scratch!" I barely got to my feet again when the Glameow was almost upon me again.

"Move!" Andrew tried, but I wasn't fast enough to avoid Glory's claws. They slashed across my cheek, pushing my face to the side. It wasn't too bad of a hit, the feint hurt worse. "Bite!" I jumped right back at Glory to sink teeth into her leg, but she gracefully avoided me, and I found myself far too close to a fury swipes. Her claws glowed a bright orange as they swept through the air and across my chest and flank.

I backed off, feeling worn already. Glory seemed unbothered. That frustrated me. I lowered my head and growled. She blinked at me and I saw her claws retract for a moment. "Quick attack!" Andrew called. I moved immediately to the sound of his command, dashing back and forth to build speed. Everything else seemed to slow down for just a second, and I could see the white streaks I left behind me. It was an exhilarating rush of an attack. Finally, I slammed head-on into my opponent with a satisfying _thud_ sound, sending her flying into the dirt.

The Glameow growled at me as she rose up again. I didn't even notice

the crowd until right then. Some cheered, some booed. I heard encouragement for myself and my opponent both.

I shook my head. I shouldn't pay attention to them. "Play rough!" Kim shouted. Glory grinned and leapt at me.

"Quick, Sand-Attack and move!" I sprayed sand and dirt in the Glameow's face before leaping into the air. It was that moment, that she landed below me and passed the place where I was but a moment ago, that my trainer and I both saw our chance. I had barely landed before he shouted. "Double-Edge!" Andrew commanded. I sprinted immediately towards my target, who turned her head just in time to see me slam into her flank. Glory was thrown across the backyard, and I wound up rolling from the kinetic energy, tumbling around almost uncontrollably.

I panted as I rose to my feet and looked to the Glameow. She seemed to have felt that attack, but so did. My legs were beginning to weaken, and my chest was growing tired of panting. I wasn't going to be able to fight much longer.

"Now, use slash!" Kim shouted, breaking the pause in the battle. Glory leapt at me, her claws glowing as she approached.

"Take down!" I knew it was going to hurt as I leapt right back at my opponent. I put all of my power into my back legs as I pinned my ears back and lowered my head, jumping right back into the fight. I slammed into her chest, and her claws raked across my sides. Still, I threw her once again.

I was still on my feet, but I couldn't take much more. I wasn't sure that I wanted to win anymore, if it was just going to lead to another set of fights. A tournament of this? Could I even do that?

"You're doing great, Rarity, keep it up with another quick attack!" Andrew called. I took a breath and followed his order. The Glameow had just gotten up when I knocked her back down, but she wasn't staying down. She stumbled back to her feet, panting and looking angrily at me.

My legs gave out. I panted and worked to stand again, desperate not to let Andrew and Marie down. Martin was counting down from ten.

"Ten." I felt the pain in my side from that last slash attack.

"Nine." I blinked, why did something feel familiar?

"Eight." Andrew was encouraging me to get up.

"Seven." My heartrate increase. The nightmare.

"Six." My energy returned a little with a burst of adrenaline. I didn't want to hear any more numbers.

"Five." I stood up.

My legs wobbled slightly, my head hung lower, and my breath was still rapid, but the countdown had motivated me to wake up. Losing was a

nightmare, and nightmare's always changed by the count of four.

"Fury Swipes!" Kim commanded.

"Last Resort!" Andrew ordered.

I was filled with some last bit of sudden energy, making my skin tingled with it. I readied myself to pounce as Glory approached. I first jumped to the side to avoid her attack, then went all out on her flank, tackling, scratching, biting, and throwing her to the side. I furiously worked to make her stand down. I wanted to win, that was my goal. I wanted her to stay down so that I didn't need to fight any more.

I watched her carefully as the energy drained away. She struggled to get to her feet as Martin counted down. She kept falling, panting as her legs seemed like jelly beneath her.

"...Three..." Was this it?

"Two..." Was I going to win?

"One!" Glory stopped trying. she collapsed and panted as she laid her head down. "The winners are Andrew and Rarity!"

I won. Was my last thought before I collapsed.

End
file.